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Mrs. Jennie Fuller.

A LIFE FOR GOD.

Outwardly a storm-tossed life, endurance of hardship, privation, domestic affliction, and hard pioneer labor. Inwardly peace, love, and joy in the Holy Ghost. The results, a beautiful spiritual influence reaching out to all with whom she came into contact; a heart full of practical, sanctified common sense; an abandonment to the claims of others that made her always at leisure to share their perplexities and joys; one who was constantly sought after by Indian Christians and welcomed into every Protestant Missionary circle in Western India—such was Mrs. Jennie Fuller, whom God called from work to reward on June 21, 1900.

The great Indian famine of 1899-1900 will long be remembered for the number of valued missionary lives which have been sacrificed by its intense strain upon nerve-power and bodily endurance, and by the cholera accompanying the famine. Of those who have received their home-call in this manner, none will be more widely missed or more deeply regretted than the subject of this sketch.

Mrs. Fuller, formerly Miss Jennie Frow, went to India in 1877, as a faith missionary. Her childhood's home was in Southern Ohio, U. S. A. Her conversion to God in early life was definite and thorough. In 1873 she became a student in Oberlin College, and came under the powerful spiritual influence of Charles G. Finney, then its president. To him the trend of her life was largely due. She became possessed of one great desire, to spend her life for Christ in the manner best fitted to advance his kingdom, and thus a missionary career opened out before her.

Miss Frow could doubtless have obtained entrance to the mission field through some regularly organized missionary society had she applied for it, but she chose to deal with God alone in regard to her appointment. The Rev. Albert Norton had previously graduated from Oberlin, and had opened a pioneer faith work in the Ellichpur district in Central India, where no missions had been heretofore. Miss Frow felt led to join Mr. and Mrs. Norton for work in this hard and neglected field, and share with them the hardships of a pioneer life. She arrived in Bombay on Jan. 4, 1877, with no pledge of support from any human source. It was in truth deeply ingrained on her heart that anything she might say would have no effect unless her life corresponded with her teaching; hence from the first her missionary life was characterized by self-sacrifice and self-denial.

The year 1877 was one of famine in South India. Mr. C. B. Ward was gathering in orphans by the hundred in the Hyderabad country, south of Sholapur. One of the Ellichpur workers had occasion to go to Bombay, and Miss Frow commissioned him to get six of these girls. With much trouble they were persuaded to go, and with difficulty were taken back the long journey by road and rail to Ellichpur. These became Miss Frow's first family of orphan girls to be trained for Christ. She found them very wild and unruly, and so depraved that the work was most discouraging. But by-and-by a change came. One of the

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most naughty girls came to Miss Frow and expressed sorrow for her conduct, and in a short time all were converted, truly changed in heart and life. A few weeks after their conversion, Miss Frow received a letter from a Christian man, a blacksmith in Ohio, telling her that on a certain day he had spent the whole evening in prayer for these girls, and that he had been led to mark the day and write to her that God had given him the assurance of their salvation. On referring to the date sent, Miss Frow found it to be the very day when her heart was gladdened by signs of penitence in the children.

Three of the survivors of these six girls are useful Christian workers at the present day. All have taken the keenest interest in helping to save other children from famine in these later years. Shantibai cared for the starving in Mrs. Bruere's orphanage at Poona. Imambai, who never left Mrs. Fuller, is a valued helper at the Alliance orphanage at Khamgaon; and Ashabai is the wife of a useful man engaged at the M. E. Mission at Narsinghpur. Thus the blacksmith's prayer continues to bear fruit to the glory of God.

THE LATE MRS. FULLER.

In the three years spent in the Ellichpur district Miss Frow learned to know the people and gained a colloquial knowledge of Marathi and Hindustani, together with many valuable experiences in caring for native children. This, the first period of her missionary career, was a period of personal training in the school of trial and faith.

After a short rest in America she returned to India in 1881 as the wife of the Rev. M. B. Fuller, a former fellow-student in Oberlin College. Akola, a large district in Berar, was chosen as their field of work. They settled in the town of Akola, which is about a day's journey nearer Bombay than Ellichpur.

As the years passed, there did not seem to be as much progress or so great results as faith had led the devoted workers to expect. During these years Mr. and Mrs. Fuller had a little family growing up around them. The best of Mrs. Fuller's life was always given to God and his service, but next to that came her children. But griefs, as well as joys, came with the children. Two little graves in the Akola cemetery marked these years, and when in 1890 the mother's frail health indicated the imperative need of a change of climate, she sailed for America with the two who were left to her; and a few months after their arrival in the homeland another little daughter came into the home. Mr. Fuller joined his family in America somewhat later.

About this time the Christian Alliance, of New York, under the leadership of the Rev. A. B. Simpson, began to create a strong missionary spirit among those who were attracted to its teaching. The watchword of the Alliance was the fourfold Gospel as indicated by the following motto, 'Jesus as Saviour, Sanctifier, Healer, and Coming King.' Mr. and Mrs. Fuller came into contact with this movement while in America, and were enlisted to lead out a new band of missionaries to India. Mrs. Fuller arrived in India on Sept. 3, 1892, with her three children, and the first instalment of the missionary force, consisting of five ladies and a married couple (Mr. and Mrs. Ramsey).

In accepting the position of superintendents of the Alliance Mission in India, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller changed the method, though not the principle of their life of faith. By the experience of the previous years they had proved that God could provide a table in the wilderness for those called to depend entirely on him, and the basis arranged for the support of the Alliance missionaries commended itself to their experience and judgment.

In the course of the following twelve months many new workers had joined our friends. Then the visions of past years began to become realities. Stations were opened in populous parts of Berar, for which workers had long been prayed for.

Then Mr. Fuller prospected in Gujerat, and this opened up a largely unmissioned district, and one which proved most interesting and fruitful as the birthplace of souls.

In all the continuous planning and labor that this work entailed, Mrs. Fuller took her full share. If she was found resting in the hot season, it was usually in a small house at Igatpuri, with a colony of young missionaries round her, whom she was coaching in the language.

In the summer of 1894, some necessity for consultation with the Home Board having arisen, Mrs. Fuller made a short visit to America, returning in the autumn with reinforcements for the mission. Shortly afterwards the headquarters of the mission were removed from Akola to Bombay, and that city henceforth became Mrs. Fuller's home. Here her life was, if possible, busier than ever; a large house filled with missionaries coming and going, beside several always in residence, who were engaged in work in the city; frequent journeys back and forth to the country stations of the mission; constantly in request for meetings all over the city, both in English and the vernacular; Indian Christians flocking to her for advice and help—it was little wonder that she sometimes sighed for a little quiet home life. In January, 1897, our sister was much impressed with a visit she paid with her husband to the Syrian Christians in Travancore. The Rev. J. Gelson Gregson was conducting evangelistic services among this interesting people, and he asked Mr. and Mrs. Fuller to join him. It was a difficult journey, and the accommodation most primitive, but our friends felt well repaid for making the effort. Mrs. Fuller's own service was to have been confined to the women; but having once spoken in the open air to a mixed audience, it was found afterwards that the men crowded the verandahs of the church while she was speaking to the women inside.

During her extended missionary experience, the wrongs suffered by Indian women had burnt into her soul. Her friendship with Pundita Ramabai had given her a further peep behind the curtain that hides so much of this suffering from the outer world. She conceived the idea of writing a series of papers on this subject, to be published in the Bombay 'Guardian,' and set herself to the task with zest. She took the utmost pains to verify every fact she stated. She must have the word of two or three witnesses for everything. The result was one of the most valuable works yet published, covering the entire subject indicated by the title, 'The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood.' In pursuit of the truth on this subject, Mrs. Fuller interviewed Hindus, Mohammedans, and Parsees consulted libraries, hunted up ancient and modern authorites, and took journeys to distant places. This book has since been published in New York.

When in the autumn of 1899, famine set in with severity in India, all the stations of the Alliance Mission in Berar, Gujerat, and Khandeish were affected. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller made a survey of the districts and prepared to do what they could to meet the need, constantly going to and fro in the famine districts, advising, directing and organizing relief, supplementing breakdowns in different stations, and providing for the efficient and faithful distribution of funds entrusted to their care.

In February a sore bereavement befell them in their Bombay home. Miss Kate Park, who had been a valued helper for five years, and whose work lay chiefly among the Jews in Bombay, was taken with smallpox, and died after a short illness. In March cholera broke out in the mission house at Khamgaon. Mrs. Fuller responded to the call for help, though sadly run down and in need of rest at the time.

She was herself

ATTACKED BY THE DISEASE

and thought to be dying, but rallied. She was taken to Bombay, and every loving care bestowed on her, but lung and heart complications, followed by dropsy, supervened, and she lingered only to suffer. For many years Mrs. Fuller had known the Lord as her Healer, but during this illness she said she was unable 'to touch God for healing.' For a month before she died she was unable to lie down; she became very weary and longed for rest, though she desired to live to see her beloved son and daughter again. But on June 21 the home call came, and the tired body was at rest.

Grief at her loss was sincere and widespread. Every Protestant mission in Bombay was represented at her funeral. European and Indian Christian young men shared the privilege of carying her body to its last resting place in the lovely Sewree Cemetery, luxuriant with the verdure of the tropics.

Among the tributes to her memory from all classes in India, two may be specially mentioned. The 'Y. M. C. A. Monthly,' of Bombay, says:—'It is not given to many women to exercise a strong hold over young men; but when the announcement was made that Mrs. Fuller would speak at a Young Men's meeting, not only was no incongruity felt, but a good meeting was confidently anticipated. Her transparent reality and earnestness constrained the attention; attracted by the transparent ease and fluency of her diction, impressed with the reasonableness of her thoughts, disarmed by the loving tenderness with which she set forth stern, unbending truths, young men could not but acknowledge her right to a hearing. Bombay has lost one of its best speakers to young men, the Christian Church one of the noblest of its workers.'

The other is from a Brahmin Pundit, not a Christian, who worked with Mrs. Fuller in translation work, and in tuition of Alliance missionaries in Marathi. He says:—'She was one of the few persons who could reach the hearts of the people of this country, and consider themselves as one of them. . . . Wherever she went, either among the educated or the uneducated classes of the people, she was liked by all, The one quality that made her so was the deep and real interest she showed and had for the people. Her heart was full of love for them.'

These extracts give the clue as to why Mrs. Fuller was, as the Bombay 'Guardian' said, 'the best-known woman missionary in Western India and the best beloved.'—Helen S. Dyer, in 'The Christian.'

The Almshouse Cent.

An article published some years ago in the organ of the German Reformed church in the United States, tells the following true story:

A young man, now a student of Rutgers, then a student at Ursinus College, Pa., was in the habit of visiting the almshouse of Montgomery County, Pa., to hold religious services. On one occasion about two years ago, this young man before leaving the room stepped down to speak personally with those present. In the back of the room was a colored man who was feeble both physically and mentally. As the young man took his hand, the poor black man proffered him one cent, with these words: 'Here is something for the Lord. It isn't much, but I feel that I ought to give something. I had a good deal better give it to the Lord than spend it for other things.' The young man took the cent, but did not know what to do with it, the amount seemed so small, veritably a mite.

When the young man reached his home he put this one cent in an envelope and marked it. 'For the Lord; given by an inmate of the Montgomery County, Pa., almshouse.' He kept this over two years, not knowing what to do with it, but on returning to New Brunswick after the Christmas vacation of '94, he brought it with him, thinking he might use it in connection with the Bethel Mission of this city, in which he was interested.

But it was again forgotten, until one day his eyes fell on this envelope with the one cent in it. He knelt down and asked the Lord that he would take it and use it for his glory. On rising from prayer, he enclosed the envelope in another one, and directed it to the Rev. Dr. Callender, secretary of Foreign Missions of the German Reformed Church, Mechanicsburgh, Pa., without one word of explanation, thus starting this little stream of influence, little dreaming what a mighty river it would become. Dr. Callender told this story and had it printed, so that now this little seed corn has grown until it has reached the sum of $679.88.

When the responses first began to come in to him, he thought if he could multiply it until he had $60.00, he would be able to support a theological student in their seminary at Sendai, Japan, for one year; but as the sum increased he began to hope that he would be able to give one young man a full course of three years in the institution.

But the story continued to produce fruit, and Dr. C.'s views continued to change. Now, instead of simply hoping to be able to give one young Japanese one year's instruction in the seminary, he feels sure that the fund will reach $1,000, which will be sufficient to keep a student continuously in his course of study. As one completes his course another will take his place, and so on indefinitely. For the sum of $1,000 will produce annually $60, which is the amount necessary for the support of a student in Japan.

A Good, but Cheap Paper.

Mrs. John Porter, of River Herbert, N.S., writes as follows, when renewing the subscription for club of 'Northern Messenger':

'The paper is very highly prized in our Sunday-school; indeed, we often wonder how you can furnish it so cheaply.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN REVELATION.

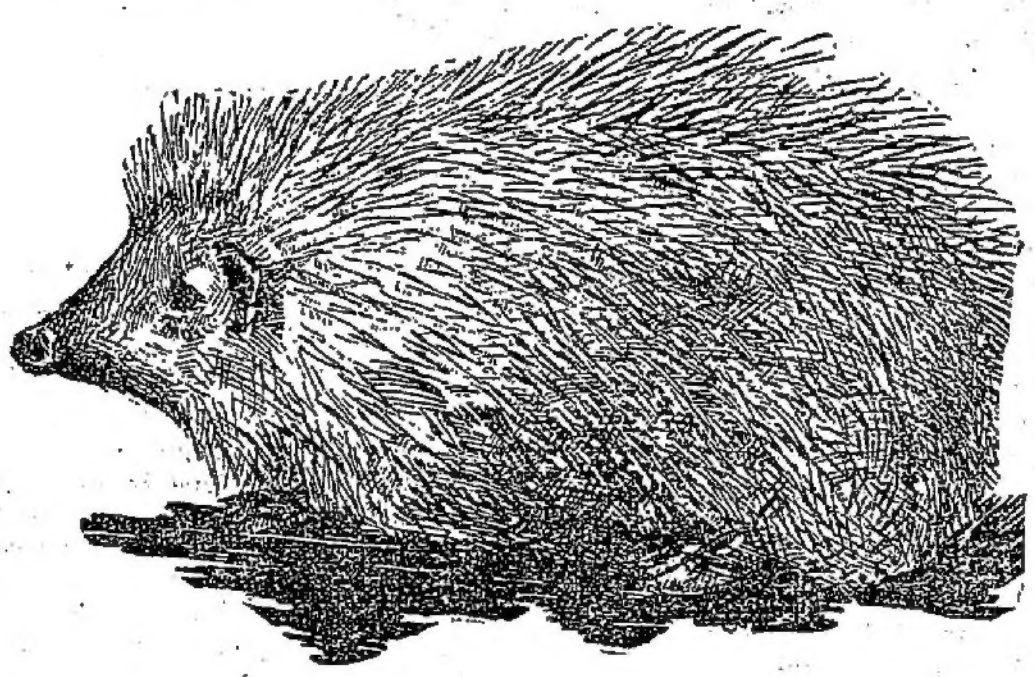
Dec. 9, Sun.—Worship God.
Dec. 10, Mon.—Judged, every man according to his works.
Dec. 11, Tues.—Written in the book of life.
Dec. 12, Wed.—These words are true and faithful.
Dec. 13, Thurs.—I will give unto him that is a thirst . . . the water of life.
Dec. 14, Fri.—He that overcometh shall inherit all things.
Dec. 15, Sat.—All liars shall have their part in the lake that burneth.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Piggy--A Tame Hedgehog.

Our dear hedgehog, whose portrait I enclose, came to us on Ash Wednesday, 1895, and quite of his own accord. A lad who was leaving the house about 2 p.m. by the side door was astonished to see Master Piggy with his long nose peeping round the water pipe, and called out, 'Here is a hedgehog.' Of course we all went to look, and my mother carried him in, and put him in the garden. In the course of the afternoon, from the schoolroom window, we saw him come down the garden and make a hearty meal on the bread and scraps that had been put out for the birds. He built himself a house with a small sage tree, a well-flower, some grass and leaves in a sheltered spot, rolled himself into a ball, and slept. At least he was always sleeping when we saw him then, unless we could persuade him to wake up when we fetched him out to show to an admiring friend.

Why he chose our house to come to, and where he came from, will ever remain a mystery. Faversham is not exactly a country place, and though we do not live in the heart of the town, our road is well built over. There is, however, a meadow behind the gardens of the houses opposite to us, and he might somehow have come from there; but I think he was a very lucky creature not to have been molested on his way, and a very sensible one to have come to a house where the rights of all dumb animals are recognized.



At first I used to put a saucer of bread and milk outside his front door; but by-and-bye, when the back door was opened for one of the cats to come in, he would walk in at night and finish up any of their food that had not been eaten. It soon became the regular thing that the scullery door should be left open for him every night, and presently master Piggy discovered that it would be more comfortable to sleep indoors, so one morning I found an old hearthrug, that is usually rolled up and standing in the scullery, lying on the ground. Imagine my surprise on finding Piggy inside it.

He began to grow tame that first summer, and if I went to the back door to call in my cat, directly he heard 'Bab, Bab, Baba,' he would come running down the garden, and down the two steps, like a little dog. He would come up close to the door, but when he saw me he would run back a little way, and hide among the flowers. Evidently he associated 'Baba' with something to eat. Baba became quite attached to him, and if I said, 'Baba, go and fetch your pig,' presently she would come in and look at me with very big eyes, purring loudly, and I would find Piggy indoors. We have never discovered what she did, or how she made him understand, but he was always there!

Our garden is surrounded by a high wall, and can only be entered from the house, so it is a nice safe place for Piggy.

Through the winter of 1895-6 he slept in the bottom of the schoolroom cupboard; but he only remained torpid for a few days at a time, owing, I suppose, to the exceptionally mild weather. He chose this place himself, so we gave it up to him, and provided him with hay, paper shavings and an old print apron to lie on. He was not satisfied with these, but was always carting in some additional comfort—sometimes the duster with which the children clean their slates, sometimes a soft felt slipper, or large pieces of paper, and various other articles. We have often wondered how he contrived to carry such large things, and whether he uses his mouth alone, or his paws, too. Of course, being a nocturnal, his work is performed in the dead of night, and day is his sleeping time.

One evening lately I discerned a curious object under the work-table. It was Piggy with a good-sized piece of sponge in his mouth, of which I speedily relieved him, greatly to his chagrin.

In trying to make a bed in the scullery sometimes he has brought in quantities of snowdrop and lily-of-the-valley leaves—in one night more than enough to fill a large dustpan.

The August of 1896 Piggy dug a hole in the garden behind a gooseberry bush, and built a house in it of leaves and strawberry runners, and went to sleep, only coming out occasionally for food. His hibernating so early we attributed to the wet season. About November we fetched him in and put him into his old hearthrug, (which has long been made over to him), where he remained torpid for several weeks at a time. Indeed, he probably did not come out more than six times from September till the middle of February.

He is a very gentle creature now, and never sets up his thorns when we touch him, but he knows if a stranger is present or touches him, and shrinks up so that one cannot see his eyes. I read in a natural history that the hedgehog's prickles are their only weapon of defense, and that they are unable to bite. That is an erroneous idea, for he has bitten both our cats. I was nursing him and Wittie, the kitten, one day, when he took hold of a piece of fur, which, being long and very thick, prevented her being hurt. Another day Baba and he had been lying sleeping very contentedly on my lap, when all at once he poked his head underneath her and bit her. She squeaked and ran away, so I knew she was hurt, as she rarely cries even if you tread on her: she is so sweet-tempered and sensible.

For such an intelligent animal Piggy's notions of eating are primitive in the extreme. He will sit right in his plate of bread and milk if he can, and then if you pick him up his feet and fur are all wet, as well as his long nose. But he looks as if he had been enjoying himself immensely. The only thing he will eat in the daytime is the skin of fried filleted plaice, and he is so fond of it that he will take it from your hand and bolt it. I am very careful to ascertain that there is not a particle of bone left in. He likes meat very much, and has been known to uncover and enter a saucepan that was accidentally left within reach, containing bones and meat jelly for the morrow's cooking!

His latest exploit was to climb into the wood-basket, and eat some greasy paper, put there to light the fire! He made quite a large hole in it!—'Band of Mercy.'

A Publican's Repentance

(Source Unknown.)

The Glasgow summer holiday month had nearly run its course. In fact, so far as the artisan portion of the population was concerned, the holidays were ended. All the factories, foundries, ship-building yards, and other work places were in full swing again. The stir and bustle at railway stations and the Broomielaw had greatly abated, and on that account it was an easy matter to have an outing with comfort and pleasure. I decided to spend a day on board the popular SS. 'Calumba.' At Greenock, which was reached on the return journey about five o'clock in the afternoon, the majority of the pasengers landed, and proceeded to the city by train. I decided to sail all the way; and, not expecting to see anything above Dumbarton that would interest me, I went downstairs, meaning to spend the time with a book.

I had just begun my reading, when a man entered the saloon whom I had not previously seen on board. I looked and looked again at him, and then asked myself. Can he be William Barton? If so, he is sadly changed. He is better clad than he used to be twenty years ago, but what a sottish appearance he has! Twenty years ago! Yes, it is all that time since I saw him last. He was a coal merchant then, and carted from several collieries lying to the east of Glasgow. He was not rich enough to own a horse, but had a fine, strong donkey—'Dick' by name. William and 'Dick' were well known for years on Dalmarnock and London Roads.

William Barton was a consistent professor of religion in those days, and many a conversation I had with him on the things which belong to men's highest interests. I was young in the Christian life, and I own with gratitude that many ideas I got from him have been useful to me.

As I kept my eye on him I began to feel tolerably certain that my fellow-passenger was indeed my old friend the coalman, for whom I used to have so great a regard. As this certainty was growing on me, I remembered that William Barton had two special marks by which I should be able to identify him at once; one a physical defect, the other a disagreeable habit. When quite a

young man, by a serious accident he lost his right hand all but the index finger and thumb. And twenty years ago he had been an inveterate snuffer. By and by he came and sat down quite near me, and was no sooner seated than he pulled out his snuff-box, which he held in his left hand, and used the maimed right to take a pinch. I was now absolutely sure, and resolved to have a talk with him, without in the first instance divulging my identity.

Turning round to him I said in quite a familiar way:

'Well, Mr. Barton, will you give me a pinch for "auld lang syne"?'

He started back and stared at me in a manner which, as in my own case a few minutes before, indicated a considerable effort to recognize me. Handing me his box he said:

'You have the advantage of me, sir. You seem to know me, but I fail to recognize you.'

'I don't wonder at that. Take twenty years off my head and you have only a beardless boy left,' I replied.

'Twenty years!' he exclaimed. 'Did you know me twenty years ago?'

'Oh, yes!' I answered, 'and longer. We both seem pretty much changed. May I ask if you are still in the coal trade? I suppose Dick will be dead long ago.'

'Dick, Dick!' he said, with a smile. 'Do you remember Dick?'

'Dick Dick!' he whispered to himself, as he seemed to be harking back on the past. 'Dick! Ah, those were happy times! But they are gone, never to return.'

'William,' I said, dropping the Mr., 'have your peace of mind and happiness of life not increased with your years? Twenty years ago you were a professing Christian. You haven't changed for the worse, I hope. Many a profitable talk I have had with you, brief, of course, while old Dick was eating a mouthful of grass by the roadside. Has my old friend gone backward? Surely never.'

'Friend, as you seem to know something of my past, I have to own to you with shame that I am not the man I was twenty years ago.'

'Well, I am sure Dick was not to blame for that.'

'No; if I had been content with Dick's company, I should have remained all right. But the fact is, I began to think that Dick was too slow. We made a few pounds, Dick and I, and the love of the world began to grow in me and I wanted to be rich, at least rather than Dick could make me. So I sold good old Dick and his cart, and with the money I had saved I bought a public-house.'

'A public-house!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, a public-house; and I did so, determined to conduct it on Christian lines. It would be a model of orderliness and respectability. I would select my customers; I would never allow people to drink on my premises till they were the worse of it; nor give drink to any one who would come into my shop under its influence; nor sell to women nor children.'

'Good, William! you really meant to conduct your "pub." as a Christian, and on Christian principles, and, like some publicans I have known, you meant, I suppose, to be yourself a teetotaller.

'Well I managed for a time to do so fairly well. But gradually they gave way, and for years I have been no better than my neighbors, either in the conduct of my business or in my own conduct.'

'Then your religion yielded to your business, instead of your business to your religion. You began well, but— As a Christian man, you would no doubt pray for a blessing. Did you not?'

'I tried, but could not. In fact, that was where the shoe pinched at the very outset. When in the coal trade I used, without a misgiving, to ask God in the morning to watch over me and Dick during the day and prosper me in my calling. And at night, with a grateful heart I thanked him for all his goodness toward me during the day. And I praised his name when I was able of a Saturday to put a pound or two in the bank.'

'But that blessed experience all ceased when you started your pub.? Why could you not ask God to be with you and prosper you in selling your liquors? And why not praise him for all the pounds you managed to deposit in the bank?'

'You needn't ask,' he answered.

'Why? You were engaged in a lawful calling, were you not? You had a license from the state to follow it. You determined to prosecute it as a disciple of Christ, and you believed that it was not only more lucrative than selling coals, but a great deal more respectable. Why not ask God to prosper you in it?'

'I say I tried, but couldn't,' he replied.

'Excuse me, William, if I press this point a little further. Though you couldn't pray to God for a blessing on your business, I hope you didn't lose interest in prayer, but continued to delight in secret communion with your God and Saviour, maintained family worship and were as much interested and benefited by the services in church as when you were in the coal trade.'

He looked somewhat inquiringly at me.

'Well, I think that you are pressing me a bit too hard. I am not prepared to go into the confessional with a man I don't know.'

'Perhaps you are right, William, and there is no reason why I should keep you in the dark as to my identity.'

A few words of explanation sufficed to bring me to his recollection, and then he said:

'The remembrance of those old days with all their precious privileges only fills me with sorrow and shame.'

'That is so far well, William. But let us go back to the point in your experience which I raised a minute ago. You admitted that you could not pray about your business. What I want to know now is whether or not, after you became a publican, you continued as thoroughly under the influence of the spirit of prayer, and delighted as much in the exercise of prayer both in private and public, as when you were in the coal trade, Did you continue to pray as earnestly and regularly for the extension of the kingdom of Christ, and the removal of everything that hindered its advancement. Were you as anxious to grow in grace in yourself, and as interested in the prosperity of your church?'

'I frankly answer, No. When I went into the trade, I not only meant to hold my ground but to make advances. I soon felt that it was going to be a tough battle. For a time I faced it courageously, but gradually, and at first almost imperceptibly, I drifted. I became less scrupulous about selling drink; could see men getting tipsy on my premises without compunction, and poor, miserable women not only spending their husbands' hard earned money, but stripping off their own clothing and the clothing of infant children, going out to the pawnbrokers, and coming back to give me for more drink the money they had received in return for their pledges. Then I began to taste liquor, very temperately at first, but by and by to drink to excess; and here I am to-day a sot, the love of Christ burnt out of my heart, my name removed from the roll of the church I used to love so well; and just now, as the result of a drinking bout, I don't care whether I go home or go down to the bottom of the Clyde.'

'William, that is a miserable tale. By the by, is your wife still spared to you, and has she managed to keep clear of the influence of your dram-shop? Then, you used to speak proudly of two fine boys you had. Are they in your business, or what?'

At the mention of his wife and sons tears began to run down his face, and with a choking utterance he managed to say:

'My wife is as good as gold, but I am breaking her heart. She did her utmost to keep me from selling Dick and going into the spirit trade; and what she then prophesied has long since come to pass. But she keeps praying for me,and firmly believes that God in his mercy will yet pluck me as a brand from the burning, though there is little sign of her prayers being answered.'

'And your sons?'

'They are brave, good, enterprising young men. They have always continued under their mother's pure and elevating influence, and are now in business for themselves. They have often urged me to give up the public-house and come into their "work," and just dodge about and do anything or nothing as I pleased; and they have promised a good steady income. Those dear boys want to bring back old times to their father's and mother's home.'

After uttering these last words William Barton completely broke down. I waited a minute or two till he became somewhat composed, and then said:

'And why don't you take advantage of your sons' generous offer?'

'Why? There is just one reason; not the love of the trade, nor the love of its money, but the love of strong drink.'

By this time we were past Renfrew. I therefore took full advantage of our last half-hour's sail to urge him to repentance. I used every argument I could command and appealed to him as a husband and a father, as well as a man who had once 'tasted of the heavenly gift', to give up his business at once, and become an abstainer, accept his sons' offer, return to his old spiritual home which was once so dear to him, and above all, and without delay, return as a humble penitent to the Lord Jesus Christ, whose 'blood cleanseth from all sin.'

To all my arguments and appeals he only shook his head, saying, 'It's of no use. I'm a done man.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'a done man as far as your own strength is concerned; but the Lord says, "Let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me; and he shall make peace with me."'

'Ah! but,' he dolefully remarked, 'an expression you used a minute ago about having once "tasted of the heavenly gift," reminds me of a passage somewhere which says it is impossible, if one falls away, to renew him again unto repentence. That is my position; I have fallen away; oh how dreadfully! I have taken the downward course, and must go on to the dreadful end. For as a man sows, so shall he reap.'

'Now, my dear frined, you must not yield to this feeling of despair. The Lord says,

and he says it to you, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?'

'But,' he persisted, 'it says it is impossible, if one has fallen away, to renew him again unto repentance.'

'I am sorry you have got hold of that idea. You are referring to Heb. vi., 4-6, but I fear you misunderstand the passage. Let me say, that the last part of it contains the reason for the statement which is in the first part of it: "Seeing that they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame." The passage refers to those who had been quite convinced that Jesus was the Christ, but who for some reason or other joined his enemies and spoke of him as an impostor and as deserving all he suffered on the cross. They were apostates. And this was quite a likely thing among the Jews, to whom the epistle was written. But while you have gone far wrong and sinned grievously against God, I am very much mistaken indeed if you have ever spoken a disrespectful word of Jesus, or harbored an evil thought about him even for a moment.'

'No, thank God!' he answered, most emphatically; 'though I have been a great sinner now for ten years, I have never had a doubt as to Jesus Christ and his work for sinful men.'

'Then, what you have got to do is to go to him as you did thirty years ago. Remember, he loved you and gave himself for you; and his love can never change. "Through him is proclaimed unto you the forgiveness of sins." Bear in mind, "He bare our sins in his own body on the tree." "And by him all that believe are justified from all things." I plead with you, William, to respond at once to his invitation. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." You are heavily laden with sin, but come back to him with it, make honest confession of it, and he will give you rest—the rest of deliverance, the rest of peace with God. Be encouraged by his precious promise, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

The poor man seemed greatly impressed, and sat, while we sailed up through the shipping, evidently deeply engrossed in serious thought.

When we reached the Broomielaw I invited him to accompany me to a temperance hotel in Jamaica street, where we had tea together. Though my way lay in the opposite direction from his, I said I was going home with him. To this, as I expected, he objected; but I was kindly firm with him, and at last he consented. My object was to keep him from getting any drink that night. His wife was surprised to see him home so soon and sober. A word of explanation sufficed to assure her,and the evening was spent in profitable conversation. When I left I was thankful that my time had not been spent in vain. I felt that William Barton, whom I had met in so unexpected a manner, was saved.

It was even so. A few weeks later I was delighted to see him in a suburb of the city in charge of his son's van, and superintending the delivery of goods to certain merchants in it. His looks had greatly improved, and something like the old light was in his eye. And as I beheld him a feeling of joyous satisfaction filled my mind, and I inwardly thanked God for permitting me to realize more fully than ever I did the meaning of his words, 'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.'

Holy Ground.

A gentleman was visiting a friend who owned a pretty country place in Northamptonshire.

One morning, as he took an early stroll in the pleasant meadows, from which the new-mown hay had just been carried, he came to a hillock, crowned with some fine old trees, and beneath it was a little dell, where daisies grew so thickly that it seemed as if a white carpet had been spread over the turf. There were weeds among them, too, poppies and campions, and nightshade and rambling briars—a veritable wilderness in contrast with the surrounding meadows, so trim and neat.

'Why don't you clear away all this,' asked the visitor of an old laborer working near, 'and make it in keeping with the other parts of the estate?'

'Why, sir, th' maister do think that ere spot better than all the rest, tho' I've never heerd for why. He won't let no rake nor spade go anigh it. "'Tis holy ground," he says. It 'ud be as much as my place wur worth t' set spade to it.'

The visitor was puzzled. He had heard of graves where sacred memories gathered until the place seemed holy ground, but this was simply a wild dell, where meek-eyed daisies, and flaunting weeds ran riot.

In the evening, being again near the place in company with his host, he said:—

'What a strange fancy of yours to have that spot in such disorder.'

A shadow fell across Mr. Russell's pleasant face, succeeded almost instantly by a tender smile, as he replied:—

'It does seem fanciful to those who do not know. You remember our two bairns, Owen and Clarice? They used to pass a great deal of their holiday time in that little dell: In the bright, warm weather they would set out their tea things in the shade, and sometimes they would play at church, there singing hymns and managing between them a little accordion very nicely, which they called their organ.

'They were good children, giving us very little anxiety, and, at work or play, happy and busy as bees. Of course, they had their childish trials and vexations, real enough for them, but somehow there always seemed a charm in the daisy dell. Whatever the trouble or sorrow, no sooner had they been to their pleasant retreat than it seemed to vanish; the brow grew smooth again, the merry laugh rang out.

'The daisies grew in that dell so quickly that at last I gave my gardener orders to root them out.

'But I had reckoned without my host. Both children came running to me in great consternation, Owen crying out—

'"Oh, papa! don't let it be done. You will spoil our carpet; and besides—and besides, we call it "holy ground."'

'He stopped, looking very red and distressed; and then Clarice, who understood why he hesitated, came forward with real Christian courage, though her shy, blushing face showed with what effort,and said, 'Papa, Owen and I often say our prayers there; when anything vexes us we tell Jesus Christ about it. When you were ill the other day, we knelt down on the daisies and asked God very earnestly to make you well again, and he heard our prayer; and ever since then we have called it holy ground. But this has been a secret between us till now.'

'I was greatly touched to find how truly my dear ones had received the Kingdom of God as little children.

'You may be sure their request was granted. I promised they should do as they liked with their daisy dell. No gardener should touch it; from thenceforth it would be to me also "holy ground."

'They were wild with delight, Clarice insisting on walking round the hill-top on tip-toe, while Owen, simulating a wooden leg, hopped round in her wake. Dear innocent bairns! Their merry laughter floated on the summer air; I have heard it often in memory, I hear it still in my dreams.

'Six months afterwards I lost them both in scarlet fever. Do you wonder that I still leave the daisies to weave their silvery carpet here at will?'

'I call it holy ground
Where daisies wrap the sod,
The place where human need and care
Sent up a voice to God.
'I call it holy ground,
When two or three are there,
And Jesus, standing in the midst,
Breathes peace upon the air.'

Have you a 'holy ground,' some sheltered place in the garden, some quiet room where you may be alone with God, where you may speak of him as to a friend, confessing your short-comings, and asking his all-powerful help in every time of need?—Sylvia Penn, in 'Presbyterian Witness.'

Johnnie's Balance Sheet.

Johnnie was a born grumbler. If it rained he began to cry. 'It is always so. I was going to that picnic, and now I can't.' If a schoolmate had a new plaything he filled the house with the complaint, 'The other boys are always getting things and I don't.'

Johnnie's father was an accountant, and when one day Johnnie saw him working on a big sheet of paper, he asked, 'Papa, what is that?' 'A balance sheet,' Johnnie asked if he couldn't make out a balance sheet.

So a pen and ink and a big sheet of paper properly ruled was spread out before him. 'What name shall I write at the top?' asked Johnnie. 'Nobody has deposited any money with me.' 'Hasn't anybody deposited anything with you that is worth money? There is your mother. What would you sell her for?' 'Why, I wouldn't take a thousand pounds for her.' 'Who gave her to you? How comes it you have such a sweet, loving mother, and not a cross, drunken one like Bob Blue?' 'I s'pose God did.' 'Yes, and God can take her away. So write God at the top of your sheet, and put on the credit column, "The best mamma in the world, £100,000."' Johnnie made the entry. 'What next, papa?' 'Well, there is Sister Lizzie. Is she worth anything to you?' 'Yes, indeed.' 'Then put down: "The prettiest little sister, £50,000." Would you change places with poor, blind Tommy for £50,000?' 'No,' with a shudder, 'not for £100,000.' 'Put down, "Eyes, £50,000."' And so they went on until the boy found he owed the Lord quite a sum. 'Now,' said his father, 'for the other side. You complained yesterday because it rained. How much are you going to charge God for that disappointment?' 'Nothing,' hanging his head. 'You grumbled when Jimmie Jones got a new kite and you had to fly your old one.' 'But my old kite went up higher than his new one.' It was a strange balance sheet, but it made Johnnie ashamed of his grumbling. A good many older children would do well to make out a balance sheet and write under it: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'—'Word and Work.'

'Well, I've Done it.'

'Well, I've done it,' groaned Robert Bradford, as he sat by the fire after the doctor's visit. 'Well, I've done it, and the parson was right.'

'What have you done?' said a kind voice at his elbow, and looking up he faced Deaconess May.

Usually, when Deaconess May came to visit Mrs. Bradford, Robert would slink out of the room after a hurried good day, but now he never even rose from his chair, and seemed in a maze.

A glance at the bed told the tale to any one who knew the husband and wife. Robert was a good-natured fellow when sober, but in drink he was furious. When he had married, ten years ago, the clergyman had

'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?' SAID A KIND VOICE AT HIS ELBOW.

entreated him to take the pledge, but Robert would not hear of it.

'I am not a drunkard, sir; time enough to abstain when I am.'

'But, Robert,' replied the clergyman, 'when you do take too much you lose your temper, and the first person you would hurt would be your pretty wife.'

'Hurt her, sir!' why, God bless her, I should be a brute to do it,' and so the talk ended.

The years passed on, Robert was more often drunk than he cared to be, and made many resolutions when sober, short of signing the pledge.

The vicar's words came true on several occasions, and the pretty wife was frequently the victim of a drunken husband's rage.

'Well, I'll tell you,' he said at last to Deaconess May. 'I came home drunk last night and hit her. She did not cry, but went to bed, and I felt ashamed of myself; but this morning she could not move, and the doctor says there's mischief inside.'

'And will she never get better?' inquired the deaconess.

'I'm afraid not,' was the reply, and Robert groaned again.

Deaconess May went to the bedside and spoke a few words to the poor sufferer, whilst Robert, apparently unconscious of any one present, kept on repeating, 'I've done it, I've done it; the parson was right.'

'Do comfort him, please,' said the wife; 'he is a real good husband when he is sober, and I will never inform against him. Robert,' she continued, 'don't take on so; let Deaconess May talk to you.'

It was long before the wretched man could be calmed down, for he loved his wife as much as she loved him, and the thought of losing her was unbearable.

'You have never yet told me what you have done,' at last said the deaconess.

'Done, why I've killed her,' was the sharp reply.

'Who said so?' she asked.

'The doctor.'

'Did he say that?'

'He said there was mischief inside, and I know what that means.'

'I don't think she need die, even if there is,' observed Deaconess May quietly.

Robert looked up, and his face was a study, 'Do you mean that she will live?' he asked eagerly.

'I hope so, but I am not a doctor. Will you help her to?'

'Help her! What can I do?' he muttered.

'This,' she replied and taking a book from her basket, she tore out a leaf. It was a temperance pledge.

'Quick, missus, quick, where's the ink?' cried Robert, forgetting his wife's condition.

The ink was soon found, however, and he took up the pen.

'No, not yet,' he added, and to the surprise of the deaconess, he fell upon his knees. 'Lord help me to keep it, help me to keep it, and do save my Bessie, for Jesus Christ's sake.'

'Missus, I've done it, I've done it,' he exclaimed, as the pen was laid down; and Bessie whispered a faint Amen.

Deaconess May was right. Mrs. Bradford recovered, Robert kept his pledge, and was henceforth the most loving of husbands. —'Friendly Greetings.'

Leaves From Two Lives.

(Mary Sweet Potter, in 'Morning Star.')

Nellie Harder's name was on everybody's tongue; that is, everybody who lived in the little town which had been the home of her girlhood, and she carried her head proudly and seemed fully conscious of her own worth and importance as compared to those of her former associates.

She and Sarah Layden had been close friends in the old days, and as Sarah stood watching her go down the street she tried to believe that they were close friends still, notwithstanding the fact that Nellie had not yet returned the call which she had hastened to pay her.

Sarah Layden was at present living at home, although often when she was not teaching she did housework for some one of the many who valued her for her neat, thrifty ways in their kitchens as well as for her other excellent qualities.

It would have been far pleasanter for her to spend her vacations in the quiet enjoyment of home pleasures with the mother she loved so well, but this seemed not for her. The children must be kept at school, and they all needed so many things that were so hard to get. Her's was then a life of constant self-denial and sacrifice.

But Nellie, bright, gifted Nellie, had long vacations; her work was light and congenial and she always had plenty of money. Just now she was making one of her rare visits to her village home.

A wealthy lady had taken a fancy to her, and she remained with her as companion at the end of a visit made one winter at the home of an uncle. In some way she had gained a position as singer in a popular and wealthy church, and attained thereby many friends and much popularity, because she really possessed an exceptionally fine voice that had been well trained and cultivated by means of the help extended to her by the uncle before mentioned.

In short, every move she had made had been in the way of success and popularity and happiness; and now, to crown all, she had become engaged to the son of the lady whom she had made a pretence at serving as companion, but to whom she had always been almost as a daughter, and this would be her last visit home as Nellie Harder.

It all sounded like a hackneyed novel story, and Sarah Layden, watching the graceful movements of her old-time friend as she walked down the street, exquisitely dressed and carrying her head so high, thought over all the different details of Nellie's career, as they had come to her ears, and wondered why it was that one should have everything and another nothing.

Not that she wanted any of her friend's blessings, her lover the least of all, but she wanted more money for the work she did that she might make her loved ones more happy and comfortable. She wanted time for musical practice, and she wanted a good instrument to practice upon. Her own musical talent was not inconsiderable. Of late

she had been teaching a few music pupils to increase her income, and in the choir of her own church her voice was the main reliance.

One of her music pupils now came in, all wet with the rain that was beginning to fall outside, sparkling and bright with youth and excitement. 'It was so good to be out and breast such a storm,' she said to Sarah. Then came the long, dull lesson. When she went away Sarah told herself that the girl who had just left her was just as she had been ten years before, when she dreamed her dreams; and she was in the place of the one who had taught her there ; a worn and disheartened woman with musical talent which might, had it been cultivated, have made her rich and famous.

Ah, well, she was neither, but only an unsuccessful worker, young, yet old and discouraged.

A step came beside her and a voice said gently.

'Poor, tired girlie!'

She sprang up instantly and turned toward her mother, who had spoken, a face the expression of which was a perfect contrast to the one she had worn a moment before.

'Not a bit, mother!' she replied cheerily.

'Not tired, but I was thinking that I had never, in all my life, accomplished anything, and I probably never will.'

'Never have accomplished anything and probably never will,' repeated the mother. 'What does my daughter account anything?'

'Mother, I was thinking specially of what Nellie Harder has done. She is a year younger than I am, yet she is an accomplished musician and is recognized as such, and given a place which many an older worker would be proud to reach. Only think how she is looked up to and talked about, and she looks so beautiful and seems away above poor insignificant me.'

'Granted that Nellie Harder has had the good fortune to fall in with friends who have helped her to develop her musical talent and placed her in a position to earn money easily, but I will not grant anything more for her. She has never accomplished one-half what you have, my dear, with all the help she has had.'

'Why, mother!' That assertion of her mother's made Sarah exclaim in astonishment.

'What I say is true,' was the mother's response. 'Who is it in this family that keeps a sister and brother in school by working at housework during vacation? Who clothes that same sister and brother also, by teaching, and buys all the fuel that is used in this same family besides? Who denies herself every luxury and smothers the natural longing for musical cultivation, and for a good instrument, and many other natural and reasonable longings which might easily be satisfied if she were selfish and proud—who but Sarah Layden, the daughter whom I am proud and happy to call mine, and who will certainly find her reward, I believe, even on earth.'

Sarah had ceased to remonstrate or disclaim, and was now sobbing in her mother's arms.

'I am selfish, mother, or I should never need encouragement to do my simple duty,' she said at length, when she had grown calm enough to speak.

'Yes,' replied her mother, playfully, 'Sarah Layden is a bad, selfish girl. I must take time to consider what shall be her punishment.' Then with a kiss she left her daughter again alone, and with her thoughts turned into a brighter channel.

Three years later Sarah stood in that same room looking out at the window, when a lady, pale and thin and carelessly dressed, walked slowly past—Nellie Harder, a shadow of her former self, old and broken before she had scarcely entered upon life's responsibilities.

Shocked and grieved, Sarah still stood looking after the form of her friend of former years, when as before, three years ago, her mother entered and came close to her with an air of love and tenderness.

'What is your decision, my daughter?' she asked, noting Sarah's sad expression with surprise and anxiety, not knowing the cause. 'You (as you are a little too prone to do, girlie, in some things) are taking this matter very seriously. If it is such a disagreeable sacrifice for you to decline the offer you have had, perhaps—'

'O no, no, mother! I have hardly given the matter a second thought. Of course I shall not leave my choir work here. It may sound conceited, but I know it to be a fact, so I may say it to you, mother, that they need me here, and for me to leave our own little church choir would be to it a serious loss; just now, at any rate. I have hopes of Jenny Ross, however, coming on by-and-by with her lovely soprano to more than fill my place ; then I will see. We can get along without the salary now that the children have left school and are at work.

'Mother, Nellie Harder just passed the house looking like a ghost and dressed very poorly ; what does it mean?'

'That is mainly what I came in for—to tell you what I heard about Nellie. It is very sad. The young man she married turned out badly in every way; she was reduced to the necessity of earning bread and butter for him and herself, and his mother who went to live with them after her son had squandered all her property gambling, drinking and racing ; it did not take him long. Nellie was not able to continue this, however. Her voice failed, and as that was their main source of income, everything went down after that. Her health failed entirely, and there seems to have been little or no affection between her and her husband to hold them together in time of trouble, so she came home. Here, they tell me, she is none too welcome, for in the time of her prosperty she was so proud and overbearing toward her brothers and sisters that now they remember it to her disadvantage. They were not backward about asking favors which she invariably refused. As to her father and mother, they are dependent on the children, and can do nothing for her, and the uncle who befriended her is dead.'

'Poor, poor Nellie!' said Sarah. 'I wonder how I could help her.'

She had forgotten the arrogant Nellie Harder, who in the pride of success had found it easy to slight and neglect her; she thought only of poor, pale Nellie Harder, who was down, suffering from ill-health and poverty, and almost without friends, and she longed to help her, but could think of no way.

'Perhaps a time may come when we can assist her,' said Mrs. Layden ; 'at present we can do nothing. I also am very sorry for Nellie, yet hers is only one of many cases I have known in which pride and selfishness brought their own punishment, and it is always severe and suited to the case in hand.'

The time came when Sarah Layden's reasonable ambition was satisfactorily gratified, and then came also her chance to benefit Nellie, who, having regained her voice by means of rest and comparative peace of mind, became capable of filling a position as soprano; and such a position, through Sarah's influence, she succeeded in obtaining, thus rendering herself in a measure independent of those who had so ungraciously received her in her time of trouble. And in time she came to realize that though such treatment seemed hard, it was as good as she deserved, and of the same nature which she in her youthful devotion to selfish interests had dealt out to them in the time of her prosperity ; and having come to this state of mind, the step to that of humble contrition and resolve to do her duty in the future was short and quickly taken. Suffice it to say, then, that Nellie Harder lived up to her resolve, growing stronger day by day in thus doing. We who know her difficult position know also that there was great need.

And Sarah? She is always progressing onward and upward.

Doubt and discouragement disturb her no longer; she has attained to the Strength that effectually resists them, and carries her through all life's varied trials calmly triumphant.

A Gracious Singer.

A writer in the 'Song Journal.' tells of a veteran musician and resident of Philadelphia who used to relate a good story of Jenny Lind.

'I was then,' he said, 'a clerk in a music publishing house on Chestnut street. One day a well dressed, quiet little woman entered the store, and asked me to show her some music of a classical nature. We struck up quite a conversation, in the course of which I asked her if she had heard the great Jenny Lind, who was then the talk of the town. She laughed, and said, 'O, yes! I have heard her. Have you?' I told her that I had not had that pleasure, and that I had very little prospect of hearing her, the price of admission was so high. She laughed again, and then handed me a song she had picked out, and asked me to play the accompaniment for her while she tried it. She sang so beautifully that I played like one in a dream. When she had finished she thanked me, and with a rare smile, said: 'You cannot say now that you have never heard Jenny Lind.' She thanked me again, and left me quite dumfounded.'

Responsible Journalism.

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LITTLE FOLKS

From the Desert.

'Are you through washing, Susy,' asked Mrs. Reed.

'Susy' nodded. Her girlish Piute Indian face was clouded.

Indian 'Molly,' who was Susy's aunt, and Susy had washed to-day for Mrs. Reed, the 'preacher.' Molly had washed lazily and poorly, being offended because Mrs. Reed had not given her a drink of liquor. Some white people gave liquor to Indians; Mrs. Reed gave coffee. Now, after washing was done, Mrs. Reed talked with Molly, trying to teach her a prayer.

Molly repeated it sullenly, received her money for washing, and she and Susy went away.

'Indian Lucy's baby girl is dead,' said a Piute who met them.

Susy ran back to the American town. 'I will get Mrs. Reed the "preacher",' she thought.

Mrs. Reed, the 'preacher,' came. Susy followed, but shamefacedly. She had overheard Mrs. Reed's daughter, Victoria, saying, 'I declare, mother, I haven't any patience with Susy and her lazy old aunt Molly. Look at that washing! Susy has been to your Piute Sunday-school plenty of times, hasn't she? What good has it done her! Susy knows she hasn't done an honest day's work. So does Molly. And you're always ready to help those miserable Piutes! Really, ma, it doesn't seem to me that some of those Piutes have any souls, anyhow!'

'Victoria's heart is proud,' thought Susy, angrily, as she followed Mrs. Reed.

When she got there, Mrs. Reed took Lucy's head into her lap, and said, 'Lucy do you know that your baby girl has gone to heaven?'

Lucy did not answer. Mrs. Reed explained about heaven. There were tears in the 'preacher's' eyes.

'She is good to Indians,' thought Susy, her heart softening.

Susy ran back to her aunt and uncle. 'Lucy's baby has gone to heaven,' said Susy in Piute.

'Ea,' said Aunt Molly. 'Not to the white heaven.'

'Yes,' asserted Susy, 'Mrs. Reed says so.'

Susy thought of Mrs. Reed's kindness. She had not attended Mrs. Reed's Indian Sunday-school lately.

'Next Sunday,' Susy thought, 'I will go.'

Next Sunday Susy did go. When Indian Sunday-school was over Susy hurried homeward. She wanted to tell her uncle something quick. The Piutes played cards by their

PIUTE BABY.

huts on Sundays. To-day in school Mrs. Reed had told the Indians how bad this was. Susy knew her uncle would be playing cards to-day. Supposing Mrs. Reed, going home, should see him!

Susy hurried. She found her uncle outside the wickiup, playing cards. She begged him not to be playing when Mrs. Reed should go by.

'She's coming,' said Susy anxiously.

Uncle Jim did not care; he kept on playing cards.

'I shall not go to Sunday-school again,' resolved Susy, bitterly. 'I will go with my uncle and aunt, visiting the desert!'

Memories thronged in Susy's

PIUTE.

mind—memories of desert sand and sage-brush; childhood memories of finding spiny 'horned toads' on the desert. The lazy, wandering life held attraction. Susy grew rebellious at working for a living here.

Every year Indians went wandering on the desert. This year, Aunt Molly and Uncle Jim and other Indians wanted to go. Before long Susy had her opportunity to go with them. The more civilized Indians stayed behind.

'I wish you were not going, Susy,' said Mrs. Reed. 'Every day I shall pray God to bring you safely back, and to help you to love Jesus Christ.'

But Susy went away on the desert with the others. They could be lazy.

The Indians travelled on, away from the railway. They knew the places where water could be obtained. Once they saw a white man coming, riding. He almost fell off his horse. 'Water,' he gasped. The Indians gave him water. After a while he rode away.

When Sundays came, there was no Mrs. Reed. Susy lost track of the Sundays.

One day Indian Lucy sat down near some sage-brush. All that day, and the next she crouched there. The second night Indian Lucy crawled near Susy.

'Mrs. Reed, the "preacher," said my baby went to the white heaven,' said Indian Lucy, weakly, in Piute. 'I want to go to the white heaven, too.'

Susy was afraid. She did not answer.

In the morning Indian Lucy was dead. Susy cried. If she had only answered! If she had only told Indian Lucy what Mrs. Reed said about Jesus Christ! Susy could not remember all, but she remembered Mrs. Reed's prayer: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

The Indians wandered on. They forgot Indian Lucy. But Susy could not forget. If any other Indians—if Susy herself—died, would she reach the white heaven?

One day Susy spoke about going back to Mrs. Reed's town.

'We shall never go back,' said Susy's Uncle Jim.

'I want to go back!' Susy cried.

Uncle Jim laughed. There were sage-hare and desert roots and other food. Farther toward the mountains there would be fish in the lakes. There were railway towns to beg in.

The company wandered month after month, till Susy despaired.

'We shall never go back,' she said to herself, and then she cried.

But one night Susy thought: Mrs. Reed is praying yet that 'God will

bring me safe back.' A new courage entered her heart. Daily she begged the other Indians to go back. After a while, five Indian men and women who had been somewhat influenced by Mrs. Reed's teachings said 'Yes.' But in vain Susy besought Aunt Molly and Uncle Jim.

'No! Never go back! Too much work there!' said Uncle Jim.

The day of separation came.

'Oh, Aunt Molly, do go back with me!' begged Susy. 'If you'll go, I will work for us all!'

Susy's heart was almost broken. She must go back. She must know more about the way to heaven. But oh, Aunt Molly and Uncle Jim. They were all she had. She loved them. Should she never see them again?

'Never go back!' reiterated Uncle Jim.

'Good-bye,' sobbed Susy.

Uncle Jim and Molly wandered carelessly on with their company, and Susy had to start in the opposite direction with the five others.

Back in the western town Mrs. Reed had anxiously looked for the Indians. The months went by. Mrs. Reed prayed daily, but faith grew faint. Perhaps the Indians had really joined other wandering desert Piutes. Mrs. Reed prayed for Susy.

One evening Mrs. Reed found at her back door a small figure.

'Susy!' cried Mrs. Reed. 'How long you've been gone!'

But Susy sobbed in Piute and English: 'Only six of us have come back! Aunt Molly and Uncle Jim will never come! Indian Lucy is dead. She wanted to go to the white heaven, and I did not tell her the way!'

Mrs. Reed went with Susy and put her with a Christian Indian family. Then Mrs. Reed came back home.

'Victoria,' she said to her daughter, 'I believe the Lord's going to answer the prayers I've put up for Susy. She's come back, ready to listen to Christianity, as she never was before. She's longing to know more of Christ.'

Victoria looked incredulous, but her mother knew. It had been 'worth while' to pray for Susy.—Mary E. Bamford, in 'Zion's Herald.'

What a Boy Can Do.

In the year 1890 (writes a missionary in India) I visited a village

"PETS AND PETS."

named Neelagungarum. As my custom was, I requested the people to permit me to preach to them the good tidings of salvation, but they refused to listen. I asked for a drink of water, but they denied me even this. About six months later I was touring in the same district, and while in camp, a delegation of the elders of Neelagungarum came and invited me to their village. I said: 'You would not even give me a drink of water.' 'That is a thing of the past,' was their reply; 'we are all Christians now.' Upon enquiry I found that a little boy, who had learned about Christ in the village where he had formerly lived, had told the people what he had learned and repeated to them Christian hymns. All that they knew about salvation they had learned from this boy. That day I had the pleasure of baptizing seventy-five of their number, including the boy who had led them to the Saviour.—'The Evangelist.'

Joey Had a Little Dog.

Joe was a boy about eight years old and was devoted to a small, lank puppy. Out of school hours boy and dog were inseparable, and Joe apparently could not reconcile himself to the necessity of leaving the dog at home. For several mornings the teacher allowed the puppy to remain at Joe's feet under the desk.

Then there came a day when the small dog could not be kept quiet, but frisked about, to the delight of the school and the dismay of the teacher.

'Joe,' she said firmly, 'you must take that dog out.'

Joe looked at her mournfully, but picked up the pup, and, with his head against his cheek, started for the door. The boy's feelings were evidently hurt, but he said nothing until he reached the door, then, giving his teacher a reproachful look, with a pitying glance toward his dog, he said slowly: 'And he's named for you!'—'Youth's Companion.'

The Little Lad.

The people followed Christ one day,
A long way from the town,
Till, tired and faint, He bade them stay,
And on the grass sit down.

And then there came a little lad
With loaves and fishes small,
And gave to Jesus what he had,
Enough to feed them all.

For when the Master blessed and brake,
The loaves grew large and fair;
The food was sweet for His dear sake
To those who feasted there.

And as, amid the crowd, the boy
Beheld his gifts increase,
He had a new and deeper joy
In Christ's own smile of peace.

And when the thousands He had fed
Were going home again,
Twelve baskets full of fish and bread
Were gathered on the plain.

And surely, at his mother's side,
That night the tale was told,
How Jesus blessed and multiplied
His gifts a thousandfold.

And still Christ takes the children's store
Of loving thought and deed,
And uses them for evermore
To help the great world's need.

And whoso makes one mourner glad,
Or speaks one healing word,
Shall gather, like the little lad,
A wonderful reward.

—Mary Rowles Jarvis, in 'Child's Companion.'

LESSON XI.—December 16.

Zaccheus, the Publican.

Luke, xix., 1-10. Memory verses, 8-10.

Daily Readings.

M. Unworthy, — Mat. viii., 5-13.
T. Outside.—Mat. xv., 21-28.
W. Beseeching.—Mark v., 21-43.
T. Crying out.—Mark. x., 46-52.
F. Anointing.—Luke vii., 36-50.
S. Anticipation.—Jno. i., 1-13.

Golden Text.

'The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.'—Luke xix., 10.

Lesson Text.

(1) And Jesus entered and passed through Jericho. (2) And, behold, there was a man named Zaccheus, which was the chief among the Publicans, and he was rich. (3) And he sought to see Jesus, who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little of stature. (4) And he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see him; for he was to pass that way. (5) And when Jesus came to the place, he looked up and saw him, and said unto him, Zaccheus, make haste, and come down, for to-day I must abide at thy house. (6) And he made haste and came down, and received him joyfully. (7) And when they saw it, they all murmured, saying, That he was gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner. (8) And Zaccheus stood and said unto the Lord, behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give unto the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore it to him fourfold. (9) And Jesus said unto him, This day is salvation come unto this house forasmuch as he also is a son of Abraham. (10) For the Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.

Lesson Hymn.

Still sweetly rings the Gospel strain,
Of golden store that knows no rust;
The love of Christ is more than gain,
And heavenly crowns than yellow dust.

Give us, amid earth's weary moil,
And wealth for which men cark and care,
Mid fortune's pride, and need's wild toil;
And broken hearts in purple rare.

Give us Thy grace to rise above,
The glare of this world's smelting fires,
Let God's great love put out the love,
Of gold and gain, and low desires.
—Hymns Ancient and Modern.

Suggestions.

After healing the blind men our Lord went on his way, passing through Jericho. The crowds following him and pressing round on every side grew denser as he entered the city. A rich man named Zaccheus was very anxious to see the Saviour, but as he was not very tall and the crowd was very great, he began to think he would be disappointed, when a bright idea struck him, and he ran to get ahead of the crowd, and climbed up into a low-spreading sycamore tree, that he might get a sight of Jesus. No doubt as the common people came along they were greatly amused to see the rich little tax-gatherer up in the tree, but he bravely endured their ridicule for the sake of being able to see Jesus.

When Jesus came to that place he looked up and saw Zaccheus and read his inmost heart. Pausing under the tree he looked up with eyes full of loving sympathy, and tenderly yet majestically, with kingly grace, commanded Zaccheus to come quickly down from the tree and lead the way to his own house that Jesus might visit him there. What mattered now the ridicule of the crowd? What mattered the exertion of running and climbing? What mattered it even that the crowd were scornfully wondering how Jesus could accept the hospitality of a man like Zaccheus, a publican and a sinner? Zaccheus was happy now in the presence of Jesus. We are not told what our Lord said to him as they walked along, nor as they sat in the house, perhaps it was just the gracious influence of Christ's holy presence which made Zaccheus suddenly apprehend his own meanness and unfitness to be in that presence. With the apprehension came a longing for better things, and Zaccheus rising to confess this unworthiness, vowed that he would from henceforth give half of all his wealth to the poor, and that also he would restore fourfold to all whom he might have wrongfully deprived in his business of collecting taxes. Then the Lord Jesus proclaimed with gladness that salvation had come to the house of Zaccheus and that he was a son of Abraham, having the same faith that Abraham had. When Zaccheus had sought the Saviour, he found that the Saviour was seeking him, for the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.

Note the difference between the rich Zaccheus and the rich young ruler, (Luke xviii., 18-24.) Each of them came to a crisis in life, a moment of decision, an opportunity definitely to accept or reject the Saviour. It was the love of riches which kept the young ruler out of the kingdom, it was the love of God which drew the publican in. It was trust in his own good character which kept the ruler out, it was trust in Jesus which drew the publican into the kingdom.

Questions.

What was the name of the man who was anxious to see Jesus? Where did he live? Was he poor? What was his occupation? How did he manage to see Jesus? What did our Lord say to him? Was he glad? What did the people say? What did Jesus come to this earth for? What effect had the presence of the Lord Jesus on this man? How did he differ from the rich young ruler? What good resolution did he make? Is God pleased to have us try to make restitution for all the harm we have done?

C. E. Topic.

CONFESSING CHRIST.

Mon., Dec. 10.—Lip confession. — Rom. x., 9.

Tues., Dec. 11.—Confession in character.—II. Cor., iii., 2.

Wed., Dec. 12.—Confession in service. — Jas. ii., 17.

Thurs., Dec. 13.—Gift confession.—Luke xix., 8.

Fri., Dec. 14.—Influence of confession. — Rev. xii., 11.

Sat., Dec. 15.—The confession blessed. — I. John i., 9.

Sun., Dec. 16.—Topic—How are we to confess Christ?—Matt., x., 32, 33.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Dec. 16.—Confessing Christ.—Matt. x., 32-39.

Study Character.

No plan can be successful unless the teacher studies the character of each of his scholars. The teacher who has a watchful eye, an open mind, and a heart in sympathy with his work, will get in time to know what his scholars' ideas and prejudices are, and what, as a rule, are the mainsprings of his action, and our endeavor should be to overcome wrong prejudices, and to turn the old springs of action into right courses. It must be kept in mind, however, that we have no power to create. Our aim must be, as we have said, to turn existing sources of action into right channels, than to strive to create fresh ones. This study of character is difficult; but because it is so, it should not any the less be disregarded. The best work is always born of difficulty, and results will be valuable just in proportion to the efforts which have been put forth to secure them. Character can be studied better by meeting the scholar in his home than in the class, and home visiting gives the teacher this other advantage, viz.: speaking a word to parents, so as to secure by home supervision better preparation on the part of the scholar.—'Presbyterian.'

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XII.—INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

1. Q.—Can you give twelve reasons why no rational being should drink intoxicating liquors?

A.—1. Alcoholic liquors are the standing dread of every mother, the constant fear of every thoughtful father, and the horror of every wife; they destroy the peace and happiness of millions of families.

2. They make ninety percent of the business of the criminal courts, and cause immense expenditure to prevent crime.

3. They make ninety percent of the pauperism for which the tax-payer has to pay, by reducing many to poverty.

4. They deprive men of their reason for the time being; they put out the fire on the home-hearth, and condemn wives and children to hunger, cold, and rags.

5. They uphold vice at the expense of industry and virtue, and include every vice; for drunkenness means theft, robbery, arson, forgery, murder, and they lead to every conceivable crime.

6. They bar the progress of religion and civilization, and are at the bottom of all the political corruption of the country being the tools most used by dishonest politicians.

7. They cause thousands of murders, and are like the right hand of the gambler, pugilist, thief, and vagrant, for they foster every kind of immorality.

8. They prevent reformation of character, they render abortive the strongest resolutions, and are answerable for a majority of frauds and embezzlements by men in positions of trust.

9. Every year they sweep hundreds of thousands of men and women from decency and respectability to the lowest state of vice and crime. They destroy body and soul.

10. They originated our country's nuisance, the tramp, they educate in all kinds of wickedness for gain, they destroy all self-respect and sense of shame.

11. They shackle good intentions, and are like a ball and chain to reform, constantly retarding its progress.

12. This rum-fiend is undermining our institutions and destroying our country. It is of no use to compromise with it.

We must submit to its rule, or kill it. If the people are wise they will kill it. The rum-fiend must be destroyed.

Cures For Drunkenness.

The following is a curious illustration of the anxiety that is so widely felt to rid the world of drunkenness. A correspondent writes to the editor of the 'Advocate,' a well-known American paper:—'The within recipe, entitled "Cure for Drunkenness," was given me by a friend, who herself received it from a sea captain, who himself was a reformed drunkard, and told my friend that whenever the desire for drink came strongly upon him he had this prescription put up and took the same, and in every case it destroyed the desire for drink: "Sulphate of iron, 5 grains; magnesia, 10 grains; spirit of nutmeg, 1 drachm; peppermint water, 11 drachms. Twice a day." In all these alleged cures there will be a certain number who derive benefit, especially in cases where the will of the person has not been undermined by the desire of drink. The power of mind over matter is a potent force in many instances. Meanwhile the great cure for drunkenness, and for all the evils of strong drink, is total abstinence, and that is what we must keep working for.

Another writer says:—In Germany, alcoholic disease has been successfully coped with by the adoption of pure diet and natural curative agencies. I have met work-

ing men who have told me that fruit has often taken away the craving for drink. I met a clergyman recently who told me that a diet consisting largely of fruit had taken away entirely a craving that had troubled him for years.' There is no doubt there is something in this latter cure, for 'pure diet' involves not only good and wholesome food, but abstinence from all alcoholic liquors. The question is how are you going to persuade the confirmed drunkard to adopt a pure diet. A curious feature about these cures is that they occur a long way off. We have America, France, Germany, all quoted. Why can't we have some 'cures' shown to us at home here in England, where we may investigate them? If they are found to be sound and good, depend upon it we shall do our best to propagate them. Until that time arrives, we repeat that there is no remedy so potent as that of total abstinence. When the physical dangers of strong drink are realized by the masses, we may hope that fewer numbers will fall victims to the alcoholic habit.

Two Brave Boys.

There is a certain little boy in New York who is a zealous member of a Band of Hope. During the holiday week he went with his mother to dine with an aunt. Other guests were at the table, uncles, aunts, cousins, and a glass of beer was placed before each. Johnny, our English boy, did not touch his.

'Drink your beer,' said his aunt.

'No, I thank you, I don't want it,' said the boy.

Not wishing him to appear impolite his mother said:—'Johnny, you must drink your beer, you see we all drink it.'

'No, mother, I cannot,' he replied.

His uncle thought him stubborn, and he too urged the little fellow to taste his beer, but all to no purpose. That vexed his uncle. Said he—'If I had a boy who would not obey me, I'd punish him severely, that I would; he should be made to obey.'

'Johnny, why don't you drink it?' asked his mother, receiving in reply these words from the brave little fellow:

'Mother, I have learned if a boy drinks beer he will want something stronger by-and-by. When I grow up I want to take care of you, and I must earn money to do it. I want a clear head, and can't have it, nor a strong body if I drink beer or other liquors. You won't make me drink it, will you?'

Did she? No, indeed! She was proud of her boy, showing it by the loving look bestowed upon him, while the tears came to her eyes at this expression of his love and desire to care for her. The others said he was 'on the safe side.'

Another little fellow who had learned also the nature of the drink had enrolled himself as a member of a Band of Hope. Not long after he was taken ill, and tossed about in his crib, burning with fever. The doctor said he must take wine every day to keep up his strength. The boy heard him.

'No, I can't take it, doctor,' said he, 'I promised never to touch it.'

'That's all right, my boy,' said the doctor, 'you don't need it when you are well, but you must take it now as a medicine, because I tell you to,' and, thinking of frightening him into obeying, added. You may die if you don't take it.'

'Well, I'll die rather than break my pledge, I'll take the bitterest, nastiest kind of medicine, doctor, but I won't take any wine.' Then he began to cry.

The mother quieted him by saying, 'We'll have something else in place of wine, dear; you must drink plenty of nice sweet milk and beef tea, and keep perfectly quiet.'

The boy did not die. By careful nursing he soon was able to sit up in his crib. One morning as he sat bolstered up playing with his favorite toys, the doctor entered the room. 'Well, doctor,' said the boy, 'you can't say the wine cured me, for I didn't take it.'

'You know too much,' said the doctor.—'League Journal.'

No Cigarette Smoking Wanted.

Mr. George Baumhoff, superintendent of the Lindell Railway, of St. Louis, says: 'Under no circumstances will I hire a man who smokes cigarettes. He is as dangerous on the front end of a motor as a man who drinks; in fact, he is more dangerous. His nerves are bound to give way at a critical moment. A motorman needs all his nerve all the time, and a cigarette smoker can't stand the strain. It is a pretty tough job for men in good condition, and even they sometimes get flurried. If I find a car beginning to run badly and getting irregular for any time, I immediately begin to investigate the man to find out if he smokes cigarettes. Nine times out of ten he does, and then he goes for good.'

Correspondence

Norwich.

Dear Editor,—I have been reading the correspondence, and thought you would like to hear from our town. The population is about 1,500. There are four hotels, which are far too many for the good of our young men. There are five churches, English, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Friends and also Salvation Army barracks. I am also glad to say that I am a Sunday-school scholar of the Presbyterian Church. I have been as far west last summer as Rock Island, Illinois, and find there is no place that observes the Sabbath as we do in Ontario. I have one brother and one sister who live in Chicago and a dear little neice. My grandfather Hill took the Montreal 'Witness' and 'Messenger' when my mother was a little girl. ALICE W. (aged 11).

Souris.

Dear Editor,—Having read your 'Messenger' to-day I noticed the letters getting fewer. We have taken the 'Messenger' for about a year. We have a large brick school which always has a good attendance. There are four churches here, all of a pretty good size. RUBY E. M.

West Brook, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I saw a letter from a Vermont farmer boy, and he suggested that we ask questions through the correspondence, and I think it is a very good suggestion. I will answer his question 'should alcohol be used as a medicine?' Sometimes, when no other stimulant can be had, it is necessary to use it to save the patient's life, but when some other stimulant can be had I do not think that alcohol should be used. I will ask another question: 'Should wine and other alcoholic drinks be used in cooking?'

FRANK C. A.

Mitchell.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Trinity Church Sunday-school, and I like it very much. I am nine years old; my birthday is the last day of the year. I go to school every day. I like my teacher very much. I have nearly half a mile to walk to school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Jones. There are eight girls in my class, and we all love our teacher. I have a cat and a pug dog for pets. I call my cat 'Kittie' and the dog 'Flossie.'

LIZZIE M. M.

Dawson Settlement.

Dear Editor,—My father owns a steam mill. I have four sisters and four brothers. I go to school, and live two miles from the schoolhouse. My Sabbath-school teacher's name is Miss Ethel Keirstead. I have three sisters that play the organ, two of whom play the violin.

MILDRED M. (aged 14.)

Whitemouth.

Dear Editor,—Our village is growing quite rapidly, and the country up and down the river is settled for about twelve miles. Our village is prettily situated on the Whitemouth river. There are two churches, three stores, two mills, and one schoolhouse. I have two canaries and about eighty chickens and a dog. We are going to have a school concert next week. I am in some pieces. I like a continued story. I was very glad to get the paper to read 'Black Rock.' I hope you will print another story in your paper like it. The summer was very dry until about the first of September and then it rained for a long time, but now we are having lovely weather.

DOT. R. (aged 12.)

Allan's Corners.

Dear Editor,—My father is a farmer. We take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. We have two horses, sixteen cows, 31 turkeys, 18 geese, and 100 hens and chickens. I have four sisters and two brothers. My twin sisters are four years old.

GRACIE E. M. (aged 10.)

Souris.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school. We have taken it for about a year. Souris is a very pretty little village, situated on the Souris river. There are over seven hundred and fifty people. We have a nice park in the summer time and have a lot of nice picnics in it. We have a good-sized rink and quite a few skaters. JESSIE K.

N. W. Harbor, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl, almost seven years old. I live with my grand parents close to the seashore. We can see the big steamers and vessels passing along outside the harbor. Sometimes ships are wrecked on rocks called the half moons, which we can see every fine day. I have a twin sister, one brother, and a baby sister who live near us so I see them often. I am much larger than my twin sister. We have lots of pets; one of them is a parrot that talks. My grandma has been taking the 'Messenger for twenty-five years. Sometimes it came in my mamma's name. We can not do without it. It is very pretty here in summer, but in winter the sea breeze makes it bleak. My grandma reads the 'Messenger' to me, and I like to hear the letters. FLORA E.

Kingsboro, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—The 'Messenger' is a welcome paper in our family; every one is eager to have the first glimpse of it. I hope to take it for many years to come. Our family moved to the United States when I was only two years old, and remained there eight years. My father is farming now.

JESSIE M. B.

McFord.

Dear Editor,—I am 10 years old. I go to school every day. I have six books to study. I like best to study geography.

Cassandra L. R.

Stone Quarry, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' since May. I got it as a birthday present from my papa. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday morning, and in the afternoon I go to Sunday-school about a mile away and after that we have church. My parents belong to the Methodist Church. We walk a mile to school every day. I wonder if any little reader has the same birthday as mine, May 14. F. O. S. (aged 12).

Charteris, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old. I have a little sister six years old. She has blue eyes and curly hair. Our mamma went to heaven five years ago. We live with grandma and aunty. My aunty sent for the 'Messenger' for me last October. I like it very much. I like the children's letters and find-the-place almanac. Aunty helps me to find them on Sunday. Please send me some sample copies. I will try and get subscribers. ALMA M.

St. George, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Mamma has taken the 'Northern Messenger' ever since she was a little girl, and she thinks it is a very nice paper. I have three sisters and four brothers. We go to Sunday-school every Sunday. Papa is the superintendent. My teacher's name is Miss Seeyle. My birthday is on the 11th of June.

ALICE (aged 11.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Children's Reading.

Early inculcate a taste for standard literature. Some are born with an inclination bookward. Others have such a distaste for the printed page that the hardest manual labor is preferable to its perusal.

The child indifferent to books and the child with an aversion to anything on paper are not alone in jeopardy. The child with an inherent mania for anything readable is morally and intellectually endangered from the day he masters the alphabet, unless his parents are, perchance, Argos eyed, his companions well chosen, and available libraries sifted again and again. Not only is the inveterate reader of tender years liable to be influenced by the low grade literature dispensed by means of any ordinary town library or book stall, but young men and maidens receive romantic, sentimental impressions from all highly wrought tales of fiction of adventure (however elevating their moral tone) which half a lifetime will hardly eradicate. It is not extravagant to say that as many girls

> 'Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the brook and river meet,
> Womanhood and childhood fleet,'

are hastened into premature 'heart affairs' by the modern novel as there are boys lured into exciting paths by the 'Buffalo Bill' stories.

If begun in time the youthful ear can as easily be trained to prefer the cadences of Scott, Byron, Whittier and Longfellow; Macaulay, Irving and Bancroft. Then easily digested prose and doggerel will prove as nauseating as it is now intoxicating to the uncultivated mind.

Infancy is not too soon for the starting point. Cloth scrap books, with pictures and classic verses in bright dress, form pretty presents for the earlier years. Before the baby can spell out the shortest primer words, mother can read, and note his delight in, the rythm of 'Barefot Boy,' Whittier; 'The Baby,' McDonald; 'Little Birdie,' Tennyson; 'The Brook,' Tennyson; 'Seven Times,' Ingelow; 'We are Seven,' Wordsworth; 'The Captain's Daughter,' Fields; 'Ruth,' Hood; 'Maidenhood,' Longfellow; 'A Farewell,' Kingsley; or even the more ambitious productions of those and other authors.

The libraries prepared especially for school children condense and simplify history, ancient and modern; astronomy, botany, geology, and the like. Interest the little one, as he grows old enough to compass such subjects, then give him a book on one of them and encourage him to search the local libraries and advertisements for others. When maturity is reached a well-grounded aversion for inelegant style and vapid, sensational plot will be instilled in the strong mind that delves in scientific subjects and revels in the choicest poetry.—'Presbyterian Banner.'

Promises Fulfilled.

I am glad we have just such a Heavenly Father as we have, watching over us, and caring for us; loving and merciful, yet having all power. I am glad no weak, earthly potentate, the best of whom can be influenced by parentage, position or money, is to weigh in the balance how much or how little we have been to our fellow men, when our time here is 'worked out.' We do need just such a God as we have, a God that knows all there is in our weak, human hearts, and counts motives and yearnings for doing good as much righteousness.

Dear, tired housemothers, patiently treading from one home duty to another, your world necessarily narrowed till it holds not much besides kitchen, work basket and trundle bed, it's such a comfort to think God knows all about it, knows about our daily toil, our daily struggle upward.

Dear, pale, sick faces, looking up from your white beds with hollow eyes, hungering for sympathy and health, can you think of anything that would seem better and sweeter to hear than this: 'She hath done what she could?'

We shall all be welcomed with these words to our Father's house, if what we do or suffer here, from day to day, we do as unto him. There are plenty of opportunities, even in the smallest family, in which we must run up colors for our Saviour, or else cowardly deny him. I believe it is impossible to be a Christian and keep it all to one's self. Daily there are occasions on which we may reflect credit on his teachings.

Sometimes a promise is fulfilled so swiftly after the Spirit's promptings are obeyed, it startles as well as gladdens us. Sometimes a scriptural verse is so fitly applicable to us, we cannot evade the weight of its truth.

For a short time once, we had for help a young mother with a little child. He was ailing and very troublesome one day, whining constantly for this or that, as sick children will. The work got behind, but meals and an army of workmen came three times a day, as usual, whether one has strength or not to prepare for them. An aching tooth added to my annoyances, and the child's distracting, twanging whine rasped against every nerve in my aching head.

At noontime, when we were hurying over the dinner, the child's mother setting the table, I dishing meats and vegetables over the stove, the men washing at the porch sink, or filing round the long table to their places, the little fellow persisted in standing by the sink, stretching up his arms towards the water pail, and whining loudly. I knew the child wanted water to drink, but he did look so unlovely, lifting up his dirty, homely little face, and I was so hurried with the dinner, I did not want to stop then and give him water, hoping his mother, who was standing much nearer than I, would look up from her counting of plates and knives, and notice his wants. He kept screaming and clutching for the dipper, and I thought, 'I am worse than a heathen. If I am not willing to give water to a thirsty little child,' and laying down the turnip masher, I crossed the floor, and held the dipper while the child leisurely drank, tears and water alike drizzling off his chin. When he was satisfied, and I had turned to the stove again, like a flash of wondrous light, came the words, 'Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water . . . he shall in no wise lose his reward.'

Not for anything would I have lost the experience of that noontime. The Saviour in person seemed to be in our kitchen, right there in the midst of chairs, and children, and work people, and hot meats and vegetables to dish.

Never doubt but that you will have a rich reward sometime—it may come so soon it will startle you—for all you do for your Saviour. The Lord is an excellent paymaster.—'The Household.'

Selected Recipes.

Crab-Apple Short Cake.—Two cupfuls of thick, sour cream, a pinch of salt, a small spoonful of soda, and flour to make a stiff batter; place in a deep pie-tin and bake a light brown. Have ready a quart of sauce, made of crab apples and sugar stewed thick. Split the cake, when done, butter each half and spread with the sauce. Serve with the juice sweetened and slightly thickened with corn starch.

Beef Soup with Noodles.—Take a shin of beef and have it cracked fine; place in a stewpan and pour over it four quarts of cold water. Simmer three hours, removing the scum as it arises. Chop fine two turnips, two onions, a quarter of a head of white cabbage, and put them into the soup with pepper and salt to taste, letting it boil one and one-half hours longer. About thirty minutes before taking up put in the noodles made from the following recipe: Beat one egg very light, knead as much sifted flour as it will absorb, with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Roll out as thin as a wafer, dust over with flour and let it stand for half an hour. Half an hour before the soup is taken up roll the noodle dough over and over into a roll, cut off very thin slices from the edge of the roll, and shake out into long strips, adding more flour so they will not stick together. Put them into the soup lightly and boil twenty or thirty minutes. Serve with the soup.

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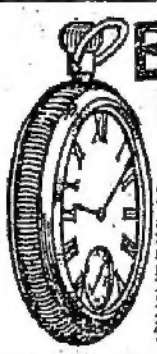

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